

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SEVEN

IS the world, as a poet once wrote, "rolling out of darkness into light?" Are the habitations of cruelty less densely populated than a hundred, two hundred, a thousand years ago? In certain lands, yes. In others the birth-rate seems to have kept pace with the death-rate. We have just been reading a book entitled "In the Heart of Asia" by an English Consul General of high standing whose many years in that Eastern country have made him an authority. The story he tells, though incidentally, of the almost incredible tortures inflicted on human beings for even trivial offenses, to say nothing of the treatment of animals, makes it hard to believe there can be enthroned anywhere in the universe above the affairs of men that of which we sometimes speak as infinite justice and compassion. And for thousands of years the story has been the same. Few things stagger faith, knock the ground out from under it more completely, than the knowledge we have of the sufferings of men and animals since time began. And even at the most we can only know a part of this story of pain, anguish, torment. How can we account for the evil that has marked the path of history? But here is the other question: How can we account for the good that has never been missing from the annals of humanity, the heroic, noble, righteous, merciful lives that have been redeeming the world from time immemorial and saving it from social and moral death? The answer we give to this latter question will determine our outlook upon the present and our hope for the future.

When we visit a hospital we judge it not by the wards where the saddest and most painful cases moan and suffer, but by the vastly greater number of those cheerfully returning over the paths that lead to recovered health of mind and body. Not to earth's darkest places must we turn today to discover whether humanity is moving slowly onward and upward but to the lands where injustice, wrong, cruelty—inhumanity in its many forms—has given place generation by generation to the triumphs of righteousness and truth. However much of pain and suffering still weigh down the lives of men and animals over vast sections of the earth, a

thousand deeds of injustice, cruelty, torture that once went unpunished and even unrebuked have been driven into oblivion by an ever-widening sense of the rights at once of man and the creatures below him. No one will question this who has read the story of Europe for the last two thousand years. Today more cruelty exists from ignorance and thoughtlessness than from deliberate purpose, and in this fact lies the evidence of the progress of the great movement represented by our humane organizations.

Is the world rolling out of darkness into light? Yes, when we read the story of its life not in the records of today as compared with those of yesterday, but in the records of today as compared with those of eons gone.

THE Royal S. P. C. A., England, has supplied over 8,000 butchers with a humane killer. These meet every requirement for the small slaughter-house. Ask your butcher if the animals whose flesh he sells you have been humanely killed.

IF any of our readers, familiar with the French language, would like to keep informed of humane work in France, we recommend to them the interesting publication *La Protection des Animaux*, published at Marseilles, 41 Rue Dragon, 10 francs a year.

A MAN was recently arrested in Methuen, Mass., and fined for liming birds. A purple finch in a cage was used as a decoy. Sixteen limed sticks were taken from him. He was a foreigner.

EDWARD BRECK, president of the Anti-Steel-Trap League of the United States, says, "Instead, as I had thought, of there being something like 100,000 animals tortured to death in steel traps annually, there are over 100,000,000."

LLOYD'S Insurance Company of London is advertising insurance for dogs against death by accident or disease, fire, and lightning, but not against poison. The thousands of dogs killed in this country by automobiles would seem to warrant the same kind of insurance here.

THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE REFORM CAMPAIGN

WE often wonder what our readers think of all we have said in the past about the possibility of reaching our goal in securing an instant and painless death for our food animals. We have told of the device for which a prize of \$10,000 was offered, of our belief that it was to prove the invention we wanted; we have told of having demonstrated its efficiency in one of the large abattoirs of Chicago, of the long, long delay caused by what seemed to us the indifference of the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company after assuring us that it would give us a perfected instrument, then, after nearly a year, refusing to undertake the work. This necessitated a wholly new endeavor to secure a manufacturer. Meanwhile the opportunity came of obtaining what appeared to be even a more practicable device, and there followed the search in the Patent Office for evidence as to whether this latest invention would infringe other patents; then the unavoidable absence for months of the new inventor. This brings us to the present with plans for an instrument that seems to meet our need.

We can only beg our readers to believe that we have not been idle, or discouraged in furthering this most important reform. It has been a trying experience for the committee, especially after they had promised long ago to have something very definite in the way of achievement.

The problem has been one of the largest, if not the largest, ever undertaken by humane organizations, and time has been a factor in the process far greater than we had anticipated. In Switzerland and Germany many years had to come and go before the desired results were reached, and England, with a far smaller problem of the same nature to deal with, has been struggling with it for years and is still seeking a satisfactory solution.

FROM a French exchange we learn that the city of Alger, 150,000 population, has granted the local S. P. C. A. 20,000 francs for the purchase of new apparatus for stunning food animals before the use of the knife. This reform in methods of slaughter is spreading over the whole civilized world.

JACK LONDON CLUB HAS 371,350 MEMBERS

WHO HAVE PUT STAMP OF DISAPPROVAL ON STAGE PERFORMANCES OF ANIMALS

ACT AT ONCE!

SEE the advertisement on our inside front cover of "Moving Pictures of Animals in Traps." It is a rare opportunity to learn the truth about trapping and see the proofs. Dr. Breck is a leading authority upon the subject. This most liberal offer of the Anti-Steel-Trap League should be availed of wherever possible. Let us hear and face the facts!

FURS NOT NEEDED

A HUMANITARIAN mannequin parade has given the women of London something new to think about, says the *Christian Science Monitor*. In an endeavor to demonstrate to the public that women can dress smartly and economically without using fur, feather, or leather, a West End store, co-operating in the work of the National Council for Animals' Welfare Week, put on the parade, which was in every way successful. Among the novelties shown were imitation fur coats, leatherless shoes, and featherless millinery. By the display it was hoped to convince women that nothing artistic would be sacrificed if they insisted on having clothing that conformed to the strictest humanitarian standards.

ATROCIOUS TRAPPING

WHY all this hue and cry about catching animals in traps? is often asked. Because the steel-toothed and unyielding-jawed trap is one of the most cruel implements of torture to animals that is used or permitted. Need anyone seek stronger evidence of the mutilation and suffering of animals than is contained in the following from North Adams:

Clyde Upton of Searsburg, Vt., brought to this city yesterday the huge paw of a bear which had been chewed off at the first joint after the bear had been caught in Mr. Upton's trap. Night before last Mr. Upton said he visited the trap, but when he went there yesterday morning, there was the bear's paw, held fast in the jaws of the trap, but it had been chewed off and unjointed very neatly. The bear was gone, but there were tracks where he had hobbled off into the woods.

Here is another victim of the trap, reported from Derry, N. H.:

The valuable coon dog owned by Dr. Downing was injured by being caught in a trap a few days ago. One leg of the dog was badly injured. The day of setting traps for game has nearly gone by and a law should be passed to prevent such barbarous practices.

Yet another atrocity occurs in Rehoboth, Mass. A foxhound, missing for three days, is found submerged in the ice-cold water up to his neck. He is held there, how long no one knows, by a trap set to catch an otter. He is alive when released, but too weak and numb to move. In this case the trap-setter was prosecuted by Officer Dunham of the Mass. S. P. C. A., convicted and fined.

KILL not, for pity's sake, and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.
Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own."

From "The Light of Asia"



Schervée Studios
DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON,
DISTINGUISHED BRITISH HUMANITARIAN, WHO SETS THE EXAMPLE OF
WEARING FABRICATED FURS
INSTEAD OF ANIMALS' SKINS

THE ANIMALS' CHARTER

THE National Council for Animals' Welfare Week in Great Britain, of which Mr. John Galsworthy is the president, has recently drawn up the following code of conduct. It is termed "the animals' charter" and meets with widespread approval:

"It is wrong to inflict suffering upon animals for any purpose other than their own individual benefit.

"When the life of an animal is taken, it should be taken with as little accompanying pain as possible.

"From this it follows:

"(a) That it is wrong to hunt animals of any kind.

"(b) That it is wrong to imprison animals and birds in cages, imprisonment being a punishment, and that punishment wholly undeserved.

"(c) That it is wrong to slaughter animals for food in any but the least painful way possible.

"(d) That it is wrong to transport animals in ships to be slaughtered after their voyage, as such transport so often inflicts great suffering upon them.

"(e) That it is wrong to inflict pain upon animals in experiments upon them in the pursuit of physiological or any other knowledge.

"(f) That it is wrong to catch live animals in traps that involve cruelty.

"(g) That it is wrong to force any animal to perform unnatural tricks by methods involving cruelty."

The No Furs League

Will abate the cruelties of trapping. Assent to the following statement is all that is required of members:

"Henceforth, as a protest against cruelty involved in the capture of fur-bearing animals by the steel-trap, I will wear no furs."

THE NEW YORK RODEO

NOW that Commercial Rodeo has run its course in two of our largest cities, it becomes apparent that this spectacle as a form of public diversion has aroused quite as much hostility as popularity when presented in metropolitan centers. The aftermath of such performances is clearly unfavorable and has led many to the conviction that rodeo should be abandoned as an indefensible and revolting injustice to animals and an imposition upon human eye-witnesses.

To insure a larger measure of respectability and success the promoters of the recent rodeo in Madison Square Garden were able to connect their enterprise with the names of many well-known and influential leaders. Of which number, however, it should be mentioned, only one, the Rev. Dr. Cadman, early disclaimed any sponsorship or sympathy with commercialized rodeo. In an article entitled "Rodeo for a Benefit" by Mrs. E. B. Hallock, the author points out some of the "high lights" in the repulsive picture substantially as follows:

Think of it! A Rodeo,—one of the most cruel forms of amusement of modern times; an amusement that England would not tolerate at the Wembley Exhibit; an amusement that is being watched and censored and opposed by every humane society in the nation,—was announced in a Sunday's paper as innocently as if it were a flower show—all for the benefit of a Hospital! Then, more astounding, followed a list of twenty-five names from the season's debutantes of Manhattan who were acting on a Junior Committee of the benefit, but the utterly unaccountable thing was the use of names of world-renowned philanthropists on the General Benefit Committee, such as:

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, general chairman, the Messrs. Morgan J. O'Brien, Joseph P. Day, Gerhard M. Dahl, Gerald Dempsey, Henry L. Doherty, Arthur B. Leach, Bishop William T. Manning, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Messrs. John McE. Bowman, Gerard Swope, James Barber, Robert A. Sizer and Senator Royal S. Copeland. Aghast, the reader paused! "What is the world coming to?"

Every humane person read the article with a big jolt of amazement and then, perhaps, a touch of amusement, for somebody must have been duped. We have heard that anything goes for "sweet charity's sake"—"but how," one questioned, "were those great and good men duped into allowing their names to be used as backers of a Rodeo?" "Did they know it was done?" "Did they allow it?" We hope not. We do hope the good men will all attend and witness the sport(?). It takes something different from the "red blood" of a real sport to endorse the needless suffering of a Rodeo as sport.

Out on the plains, in the wild, free West where ranching is a business, the sight of the wrestling with steers and the roping of calves might be really thrilling—but it's a mean sport to corner these animals in Madison Square Garden and put them through cruel stunts for the sake of a few dollars and the pandering to low instincts.

Join the Jack London Club!

At the Society's Rest Farm for Horses

SIZE AND STRENGTH OF THE WALRUS

L. E. EUBANKS

POPULAR opinion has it that the polar bear is the greatest of northern animals, but the real king of the Arctic is the walrus.

This colossal mass of flesh often weighs over 3,000 pounds. The main cause of its apparent clumsiness, however, is not so much its general bulk as the fact that its girth usually exceeds its length by a couple of feet—fourteen by twelve are about the usual dimensions. The hide is wrinkled and yellowish-brown in color, and the thickest possessed by any mammal. Old walruses have a three- or four-inch thickness of hide on the neck and shoulders.

When a walrus moves its gigantic body by pressure of its foreflippers on the flat rock where it likes to rest, it uses a sort of "fore-arm" leverage. If you will lie down on your bent arms, then lift your bodily weight by pressing your palms on the floor, you will get a faint idea of the sheer power required in those "forearms" of the walrus. Their muscles have been likened to thick wire cables, and they are capable of lifting a ton from the water up upon an ice-floe!

And with all his bulk, the walrus is surprisingly active when aroused to battle. I doubt if there is any creature but man (with his artificial weapons) that can overpower a walrus in the water. Even the whale and the hippopotamus avoid conflict with the Arctic king when possible, and the polar bear has no chance with him at all. The sight of a walrus tusk will make the bear do his best swimming in retreat.

Many Eskimos lose their lives in the capture of walruses. Even the famous explorer and hunter, Donald B. MacMillan, describes a walrus hunt as his most perilous experience. But when the capture is effected there is much cause for joy; for the uses to which the Eskimos put walrus products are many and varied. Its tough hide, split in two, furnishes the covering for boats and summer houses; the thick blubber beneath the skin secretes the fuel for the oil lamps which heat and light the igloo; the stringy dark meat, stored away in caches, is the staple article of food during the long, dark winter; the beautiful ivory tusks supply the points for harpoons and lances; even the entrails are used for the waterproof coats of the kayak hunters.



THE STABLE AND FARM BUILDINGS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. AT METHUEN

DRIVERS AND DOGS

D. D. TWITCHELL

EVERY automobile driver feels that he answers all the questions that are in any way necessary when he applies for a license to drive his car. He must answer satisfactorily questions in regard to his hearing and eyesight, but not even the most strict examiner ever mentions his conscience or his heart. The evidence in many cases where animals are run over on the highways and streets would seem to prove conclusively that there is a total absence of both.

When an automobile driver runs over a dog or strikes it, thereby injuring it on a country road and does not take the trouble to go back and end the animal's suffering, or relieve it in any way, the cause of such neglect can only arise from a lack of mercy or from cowardice. Fear of what the owner of the dog may say or do, too often overcomes his impulse to go back and give assistance. Perhaps the driver hardest to understand is the one who seems to think killing, or, what is worse, half killing an animal, is a trifle. If people who hire chauffeurs would inquire of their prospective employees if they had ever run over animals while driving, they would, in that way, convey the impression that they did not consider accidents of that sort indicative of a good or careful driver, although, of course, it is true that some accidents are entirely unavoidable.

Dog owners are often negligent in training their dogs to recognize danger from a car. They allow them to play in the street and to chase cars and bark at them. It is very easy to train a puppy. If he is taught to stop for several seconds before crossing the street and then taken across when the street is clear, caution soon becomes a habit which will prevail when the dog gets older. It is easy to teach him not to frisk in the street. Persistence in calling him out of the street will have its effect on even the most frolicsome puppy. The dog that chases cars is responsible for the fact that many car drivers think of a dog as a public nuisance. This fact explains, even though it does not excuse, the attitude of the driver when one is struck by a car.



PRESIDENT ROWLEY AND FARM SUPERINTENDENT HASWELL—A MORNING RIDE



A STRING OF HORSES AT THE FARM, GOING OUT FOR THE DAY TO PASTURE

Western Sheep Dogs

WILLIAM F. BRAGG

WITH millions of dollars invested in the sheep industry of western America, conduct of open range operations would be impossible but for the sheep dog. Herds of approximately two thousand animals are cared for by the faithful shepherd and his master. Seldom is a trust broken.

In the spring, the dog protects the newly-born lambs against marauding coyotes. Then comes the rush of shearing season. The menace of grizzly bear and mountain lion raids hangs over peaceful summer pastures in the high mountains. Waterless camps and bitter sand storms are daily experiences on the autumn trail to railroad shipping points. And finally comes the long winter with blizzards and below zero temperatures.

In this hard school, the sheep dog, starting at the age of six weeks, learns his trade and works at it until that day when the end comes in storm or battle against murderous coyotes.

This dog, whose greatest traits are service to the death for the herd and implicit trust in the human master, is usually black and white in color and always marked with the brown eyebrow of the shepherd strain. Although the gorgeous collie, old English sheep-dog and Australian and German strains are distant cousins, the westerner is a distinctive type and only found where livestock work is heavy and ensuing reward scanty.

He is not beautiful, may even look like the canine that Eugene Field once described as an "ornery, bench-legged fyce"—but always with the mongrel dross there runs the pure gold of the shepherd strain. Rangemen love him for his quick wit and tough muscles, but above all for that intelligent courage which impels him to "stay with the sheep" against wild animals or winter gales.

Herders and dogs become comrades rather than master and servant during the lonely days on the brown range. Strange problems occasionally arise as the dogs understand only the language spoken by the teacher.

"Scotty," of the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming, had been drilled from puppyhood by a Bohemian herder. The master eventually departed via covered wagon for his homestead in Idaho. A few weeks later friends received word from him that he had lost Scotty while passing through a small town on the trail. He asked them to watch for his pet and sent money for rail transportation to Idaho.

Scotty came back to the home ranch, half starved and heartsick over failure to locate his master. Men offered him food, but he fled from their friendliness. Evidently it had been a hard back-trail for poor Scotty. Then it was discovered that the dog could not understand English—and no man there could talk to him in Bohemian.

All efforts to capture him failed. They heard him howling at night for the master he could not find. Winter came on with a bad storm. They heard the dog no more. In the spring a melting snowdrift revealed all that was left of poor Scotty. In his weak condition he had run afoul of a big coyote. Death had come with defeat.

At the start of the World War, a large sheep outfit which employed Frenchmen as herders had just come into the railroad to ship market lambs. In a burst of fiery patriotism, the herders quit their jobs and boarded the first train east. An Irish range foreman was left

with several thousand sheep and a half dozen dogs on his hands. Striving vainly to handle the work with a hastily gathered crew, the foreman discovered that the dogs would not obey his commands. Men might quit work, but it did not appear logical that shepherd dogs would follow suit.

A wise range veteran finally restored the foreman's faith in dogs. "The poor brutes can't talk nothin' but French. So you'll have to use the deaf and dumb language to get these sheep on stock cars."

The Irishman took the advice, resorted to the silent signal system, and his sheep started for market in safety and without loss. For every sheep dog understands the deaf and dumb method, akin to the semaphore signaling used by railroad switchmen. It consists of right and left arm movements. At the extreme distance of quarter of a mile, the dog will give instant and correct obedience to the master's silent command.

Watching a busy shepherd weaving shuttle-like around a widespread herd, it becomes apparent that sheep raising would be impossible but for this service. In sunshine and in storm, the dog is eternally on the job with a pat of the master's hand, a few sourdough flapjacks, and a sheep pelt at night as the reward of labor. And when confronted by danger and death, the humble, hard-working shepherd will lay down life itself for the herd or the master.

THAT sheep dog has attained the summit of his art who subdues his own personality and leads his sheep in pretending to be led.

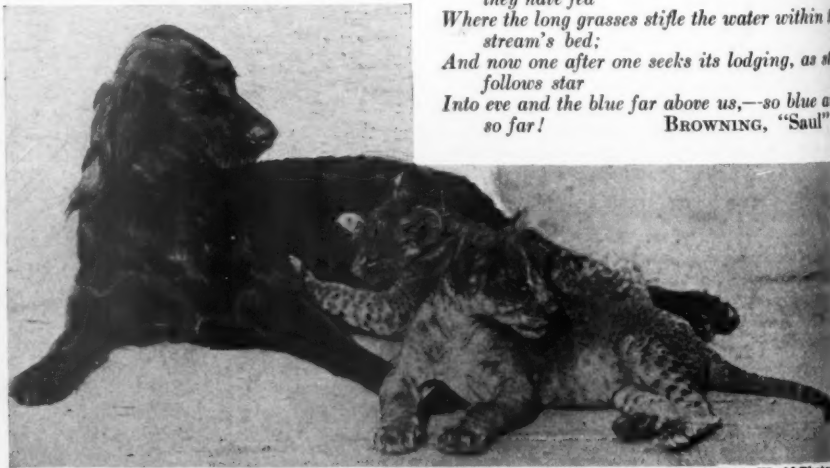
"Bob Son of Battle"

THE DOG

WITH eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,

The only creature faithful to the end. CRABBE

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.,
when making your will.



THESE THREE-MONTHS' OLD LION CUBS, IN FRUITVALE, CALIFORNIA, ARE WAXING FAT AND HEALTHY UNDER THE MOTHERING OF A CHAMPION IRISH SETTER WHO ADOPTED THEM WHEN THEIR NATURAL MOTHER DISOWNED THEM

FUR-BEARERS VANISHING

ARTHUR THATCHER

GREED for gold and lack of effective protective laws in many states of the Union are causing a serious depletion of the ranks of our native fur-bearing animals.

Figures made public by the United States Biological Survey show that the catch of raccoon in the United States decreased thirty per cent in the 1925-26 season. The catch of muskrat decreased twenty per cent over the previous season.

No fur-bearing animal is subjected to closer pursuit than the raccoon. There was a time when the fur of the animal brought so low a price that commercialism did not enter into the race for exterminating the species. Now the price of a raccoon pelt is so high that the animal is closely trapped and hunted.

The raccoon ranges in forty-eight states. Of that number, only one gives the animal complete protection. Forty-three afford partial protection with open seasons ranging from two to five months. Four states offer no protection whatever.

The trapping season in the various states is now on, and those in a position to know forecast that the catch of raccoon will be much lower than last year. This same condition will continue from year to year with the mounting prices of the pelts until the raccoon will go the way of many of our other native species. Only more effective protective laws with very brief open seasons can be depended upon to preserve the rapidly declining species.

The muskrat is less liable to extermination than other species, due to the rapidity with which it multiplies, but the figures of last year also call for better protective seasons for this family of fur bearers.

The drainage of swamps and destruction of other natural habitats of the species is having much to do with the lessening of their numbers.

THE FOLDING TUNE

AND I first played the tune all our sheep know,
as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo,
they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far!
BROWNING, "Saul"

TO A GLOBE OF GOLDFISH

LOUELLA C. POOLE

FLASHES of gold in circles of light
 Capture the eye with their beauty bright,
 Yet how I pity you, poor little fish,
 Swimming about in the round glass dish,
 In the light of the garish sun all day,
 With never a sheltering shadow gray!
 Do you ever long for the dark deeps cool,
 The freedom and range of the forest pool?

Your world circumscribed by a globe of glass,
 Poor little golden swimmer, alas,
 If it needs must be that such is your doom,
 Your tiny world should at least find room
 For a sheltering stone or weed where rest
 Could be found in its shadow! Life at its best
 Is sad enough for you, poor little fish
 So futilely swimming the crystal dish.

CATS AND THEIR DISPOSITIONS

MRS. NESTOR NOEL

THIS is a spiteful old cat; it always scratches and bites," said a woman to me one day.

I found out, on investigation, that the children in her house were in the habit of teasing that cat. Of course, the poor animal had to defend herself. Hence her scratching and biting. I do not believe that a cat is naturally spiteful.

This morning I talked to a man who has a beautiful, black cat.

"She is so loving," he informed me. "She appreciates everything that is done for her."

These words told me better than any others that that cat had a good home. It had been well treated from the time it was born.

I have noticed that cats are good tempered or bad tempered according to the way they are treated. Treat an animal well and it will respond in kind. Treat it badly, and you have only yourself to blame.

Parents should insist on kindness to animals being taught to their children. This is not always so easy as it sounds. The mother may love animals; the father dislike them. In this case, the man often says: "There is that beast of a cat in the house again." The mother rushes to the rescue of poor puss, or it might get a kick!

However, in spite of differences of opinion, the mother must see that animals are treated kindly. Otherwise, it would be a greater kindness not to keep animals.

I believe children will be kind to animals when they see their parents kind to them. If we love animals, our children will, most likely, love them, too.

Do not let anyone say: "Cats are spiteful, horrid animals."

If you hear this, use your own judgment. You can judge of the home when you hear these words, but do not judge the cat! It is not always the cat who is spiteful. It is not always the cat who is a thief. A cat has to provide for her young. If you do not give her and her kittens enough to eat, do not blame her. It is your own fault if your cat is a thief. You have no right to starve a cat, and then expect it not to follow its instincts of providing for its young.

The more I know of cats, the less I see they are to blame.

"The cat did it," is an expression which should cease to be, when used in contempt. The cat, if rightly treated, is a loving, gentle creature.



"DOLLY," "SILVERLOCKS" AND "CUFFY"

Owned by Mrs. Marguerite A. Blank, Winchester, Mass.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH A DOG

ASSUREDLY Burroughs must be classed among the great dog lovers of all lands and all times, says the *Christian Science Monitor*. Neither Scott, nor Maeterlinck, nor another has penned tributes of greater tenderness and sincerity:

"Such sweet companionship as one may have with a dog, simply because he is a dog, and does not invade your own exclusive sphere! He is, in a way, like your youth come back to you and taking fun in all instinct and joy and adventure. You can ignore him and he is not offended; you can reprove him and he still loves you; you can hail him and he bounds with joy; you can camp and tramp and ride with him, and his interest and curiosity and adventurous spirit give to the day and the night the true holiday atmosphere. With him you are alone and not alone; you have both companionship and solitude."

FUN

THE funniest thing I have seen today is the thoroughly human manner in which the red-breasted grosbeak is gorging himself out in the wide-spreading elderberry bush. All day long can be heard the sounds of seeds cracking in his hungry maw. From dawn to dusk he never stops. And as he steadily crunches, the way the juice seeps over his jaws and runs down his sanguinary chin is the comical sight! His gory jaws would surely hang him on circumstantial evidence should he unhappily be brought before some bird tribunal on charges of avicide, or whatever they call murder in birdland.

We would like some elderberry jelly, but we haven't the heart to interfere with the grosbeaks' enjoyment. Their contented clucking as they stuff themselves and the fun of seeing the juice run down their chins is worth more than the jelly.

BRUCE CALVERT in *The Open Road*

THE Be Kind to Animals movement is not a mere sentimentality. It springs from noble and uplifting impulses, and the advancement of the principle for which it stands will make the world a happier place not only for the dumb creatures it seeks to befriend but also for the boys and girls, the men and women whose hearts and lives will be bettered by its influence.

ALMOST HUMAN

MARGIE L. WHETSTONE

THE most of us would agree, I suppose, that the dog ranks highest among animals in intelligence. We have all read and heard marvelous stories of a dog's fidelity and courage. But a friend told me a poignant little story of a mother dog that made me wonder even more at the intuition with which Nature has endowed the canine race.

My friend and her husband owned a little ranch in southern California, and one of the cherished possessions of their little ranch home was a female dog, "Tippy." One spring Tippy became a mother and was very proud of her fine litter of puppies. My friend was greatly interested in them, too, but knew there would not be room on a small ranch for so many dogs. She inquired among friends, but was unable to find anyone who wanted the puppies. So she told her husband he would have to kill all of them but one. He agreed to buy some chloroform and end their lives quickly and painlessly before they were old enough to enjoy life very much.

It was towards evening when he arrived home from town with the anesthetic, and almost dark when he finished his chores and was ready to dispose of the puppies. He and his wife placed the animals in an old tub in the barn and administered the chloroform. They covered the tub over with some boards, intending to bury the puppies in the morning. Early the next morning my friend went out to the barn and was surprised to see the tub uncovered and the dead puppies gone. She looked closely; there by the tub she could discover dog tracks plainly. She followed them and found they led out to a corner of the barnyard. There she discovered a newly-dug plot of ground. With a stick she scratched the dirt a bit and found the dead bodies of the puppies buried. Tippy, in her anxiety over her babies, had trailed them to the barn and found them dead.

The wonderful instinct of this dog had told her to bury her offspring. Arduously she had labored and performed this task which usually we associate only with human beings. I do not know whether her intuitive act was one which any mother dog would have performed. Knowing Tippy, I like to think it was her unusual way of expressing her love and respect for her puppies.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1927

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

AN APPRECIATION

ADMIRAL ANDREWS brought to our Hospital his dog, sick with distemper. Daily, for weeks, he came morning by morning to see him. He became, naturally, familiar with the working of the Hospital, met its doctors and attendants, saw it always from the inside, and had every opportunity to study its work.

NAVY YARD
Boston, Massachusetts

November 15, 1926.

Dear Doctor Dailey,

I felt too broken up this morning to say much to you. I want you to know though—and I believe you do anyway—how grateful I am to you for your kindness and the effort you made to pull my blessed little dog through. I could not say this, but I can write it. I appreciate it so much. And would you say to the other doctors, in fact to every one I came in contact with, that I have never seen a kinder, finer spirit in any hospital of any kind. Never any of that callous hardness among hospital doctors and people that one sees often in a hospital for human beings.

I shall see what I can do about distemper. If I had money I would give that. But I can give interest and perhaps some influence.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) PHILIP ANDREWS

THE DOG-HOUSE

THE preacher is often charged with preaching to people who, never coming to church, never hear him. So we often have in these columns many things written for those, alas, who never read them. We take it for granted that our readers do not need to be told what cruelty is. There are many dog owners who seem to think that anything that can be called a dog-house is entitled to that name. No matter what the weather, if their dog can crawl into it, it is all that is necessary. No dog, however, should be kept in any place exposed to severe cold, nor should its place of shelter even in moderate weather be unprotected from raw winds and rain. A burlap curtain, or something similar, should at least hang over the entrance, to be kept down when the dog is compelled to lie in his house during cold or storm. If the reader of this knows of some unfortunate animal whose master mistreats him, please write us and we will send him a copy of this magazine with this article marked.

SLAUGHTERING IN AMERICA

IN an article written by Mr. Thomas Cadett, an English journalist now in this country, he has told us of his visit to the Chicago abattoirs. That he is not a sentimentalist or writing from a humanitarian's point of view is evident from his opening sentence: "Of all the industrial organizations that Chicago has to show the foreigner, the stock-yards surely have pride of place." We ordinarily save our readers descriptions of animal sufferings that would cause serious distress of mind, but they must permit us to quote a few paragraphs from Mr. Cadett's story of what he saw:

"Pig to pork is the first process to be seen. At one moment the pig is contentedly sitting in a bed of straw; at the next he is hitched by the leg to a symbolic wheel, hoisted into the air and automatically transferred to a rail overhead, along which he moves to the killer. The man does his work with one skillful thrust, and the unpleasantness is reduced to the stage where apparently the victim has lost more blood than he can spare before he realizes the fact.

"It is hardly possible to escape some feeling of horror or pity at the plight of a poor brute that has done nothing but exist to deserve its fate. Pity for some pig has a moment later to be transferred to the next that receives the knife, and so on and on until the ghastly procession assumes a kind of even tempo that inhibits strong emotion. Pigs died thus yesterday; so they will die tomorrow; one pig has only one agony, and the world is fond of bacon.

"Sheep killing was at a temporary standstill during my visit, but the general plan differed but little from the pork-dressing plant.

"Steers were being killed kosher fashion in the beef-dressing department. The revolting cruelty of this process makes a temperate description difficult. Seven or eight beasts hung, suspended by the hind legs, their heads and necks alone resting on the floor. It is probable that at this stage they felt nothing more than discomfort, but they were plainly terrified, if staring eyes and heaving flanks have any significance. The victim of the moment had his nose incased in a sort of iron cage with two handles, and the whole head turned over at an angle, in order to draw the neck sufficiently taut. The rabbi then slashed away in sickening fashion, while the tortured brute gave up its life all too slowly."

This may well be followed by the prayer at the laying of the cornerstone of the Model Abattoir at Letchworth, England, the 14th of last December, in the presence of a large assembly:

"We are gathered together here to lay the Foundation Stone of this Model Abattoir, which we humbly trust may in due time serve as an example of pity and kindly treatment of animals. O, Almighty God, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground, we pray Thee in Thy love to alleviate the sufferings of Thy creatures. Bring to naught the devices of those who cruelly treat them, and put into the hearts of men a spirit of humility towards them. Grant to us a truer and deeper understanding of the wonderful scheme of Thy creation. Reveal Thyself more fully as the Lord who savest man and beast; hasten the time when the creature shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption and when none shall hurt or destroy in all Thy Holy Mountain; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

DEVOCALIZING DOGS

IN the periodical *Science*, Vol. LXIV, No. 1664, Justin M. Andrews, of the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, describes at length both the mechanism and the method for the operation for cutting the vocal cords out of a dog's throat. And why cut out these vocal cords? That the unfortunate dog waiting for the experiment to be performed upon him may not annoy anyone by his whining or barking.

He gives the various details with great clearness, telling how the dog, first etherized, should be fastened, his jaws opened as far as possible, the tongue drawn out by tongue forceps to the limit, then how to seize the epiglottis by a long pair of tissue-grasping forceps. The epiglottis drawn forward, we are told how to insert the blade of a No. 1 small Hartman punch, and so on till the cords are entirely cut away from the larynx. True, he says this must all be done before the anesthetization has worn off, or a coughing reflex will occur each time the lining of the larynx is touched. The only sound the dog can make after the operation is a muffled hissing sound scarcely audible in the next room.

Now we are not discussing here the question of vivisection, about the necessity for which and the results of which many wholly honest and sincere people disagree, but this sort of thing seems to us the refinement of cruelty. If the poor dog is ultimately to be sacrificed in the name of science, then no man deserving to be called even half humane will deny that he should be spared all unnecessary suffering. We marvel that the man guilty of this operation, more than a hundred of which have been performed, he says, in the past year, has the face to publish the account of it for the benefit of other men as heartless as himself. Well might he and his *confreres* or friends or neighbors endure a little noise from the animal they are to experiment upon rather than add to its misfortune. We protest against it in the name of humanity and believe all fair-minded men and women and physicians and surgeons as well will endorse our protest.

OUR POOR RELATIONS

DEAN INGE, in a recent book of his, speaking of our relation to the other animals, says:

But we can hardly suppose that if they are able to think, they will admit our superiority. If they were capable of formulating a religion, they might differ considerably as to the shape of the beneficent Creator, but they would nearly all agree that the Devil must be very like a big white man. For we have always treated our poor relations in fur and feathers as if they had no rights at all. We have not only enslaved them, and killed and eaten them, but we have made it one of our chief pleasures to take away their lives, and not infrequently we have tortured them. . . .

MEDALS FOR HUMANE POSTERS

IN the poster contest held at the recent Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., in addition to the cash prize mentioned in the December issue, humane medals were awarded to Avis Suzanne Adams, Museum Art School, Boston; and to A. Ridgeway, Edith Campbell, and Frances Bradley, of the Milton High School.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers 10,225
Cases investigated 701
Animals examined 2,965
Number of prosecutions 24
Number of convictions 24
Horses taken from work 97
Horses humanely put to sleep 135
Small animals humanely put to sleep 949

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected 33,652
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep 83

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during November of \$500 from Miss F. L. G.; \$200 from Mrs. D. F. N.; \$100 from Miss A. C.; \$35 from Miss G. F.; and \$25 each from Mrs. J. F. L., and Miss J. L.

December 14, 1926.

A FRENCH S. P. C. A. has distributed widely to hunters a circular saying "The protection of the birds is a question of life or death to French agriculture." The Department of Agriculture in the United States has just issued a statement of a similar nature.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.
Advice for sick and injured animals.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered 717	Cases 2,003
Dogs 529	Dogs 1,640
Cats 167	Cats 342
Horses 12	Birds 13
Birds 8	Horses 5
Sheep 1	Monkeys 2
	Rabbit 1

Operations 524
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 61,011
Free Dispensary cases 97,995

Total 159,006

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S HORSE

DAN," a Morgan horse once owned by the late Joseph Jefferson, was put to sleep recently by Officer William H. Lyng of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. The animal, which was thirty years old, was owned by Walter S. Howard of Buzzards Bay, Mass., who bought him from the widow of Mr. Jefferson. Dan had been used many times by Jefferson and President Cleveland when on fishing trips to the ponds of Wareham, Mashpee, and other Cape Cod towns.

WE congratulate the S. P. C. A. of Richmond, Va., upon its new animal shelter and its enlarging work.

PROSECUTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Convictions

Using lame horse; case filed.
Sending out galled horse; sentenced to serve 30 days or pay \$75.
Driving galled horse; \$50 fine.
Driving galled horse; case filed.
Not feeding horse; \$25 fine.
Sending out galled horse; case filed.
Driving galled horse; case filed.
Starving horses; \$100 fine.
Starving horses; \$25 fine.
Starving horses; \$50 fine.
Abandoning horse and two dogs; \$20 fine.
Driving horse with wagon-wheel chained; \$30 fine.
Driving galled horse; \$25 fine.
Sending out galled horse; \$10 fine.
Driving galled horse; case filed.
Not sheltering cows and horses; \$25 fine.
Driving galled horse; \$10 fine.
Driving unfit horse; \$10 fine.
Driving unfit horse; \$10 fine, also 30 days' sentence, which was suspended.
Driving unfit horse; \$10 fine.
Driving unfit horse; paid costs of \$10, case filed.
Driving unfit horse; \$15 fine; beating horse, \$10 fine.
Sending out galled horse and inflicting suffering on horse; \$25 fine on each count.
Using galled horse; finding left open during good behavior.
Refusing to kill unfit horse; killing order granted.
Abandoning dog; \$20 fine.
Sticking hog eight times with butcher knife, then building a fire of straw under him; \$25 fine.



ALBERT A. POLLARD

RECENTLY elected treasurer of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Mr. Pollard was for several years with the Brookline Trust Company, where he served as assistant treasurer. Later he was New England secretary of the Unitarian Laymen's League.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE

THE Royal S. P. C. A. Journal of New South Wales Society has the following, which every humane organization responding to such calls can endorse. The title of the article is, "Is It Fair?"

- (1) "Never sent for you to call." (Evidently a willing neighbor had sent the call in the owner's name.)
- (2) "Must call Thursday afternoon." Inspector went; no one in.
- (3) "Oh, the cat has gone." (They did not phone or write us to that effect.)
- (4) "Cat has gone away." (Said quite unconcernedly.)
- (5) "Decided to keep the dog," although two peremptory phone messages were sent us to remove it. (The suburb is 11 miles from the G. P. O.)

All of these calls meant waste of the man's time and motor service. Is it fair to the Society, its staff, or to others who need the man's services? And yet, if we don't call, petulant paragraphs are sent to those papers which delight in flare headlines.

A WINTER hint to dog-lovers: A dog is a lively, happy, four-footed friend, and loves to romp in the sunlight. The dog is not a hibernating animal.

FEWER automobiles would turn turtle if they followed the turtle's pace. And, if you remember, it was the turtle that reached the goal first.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
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Humane Press Bureau
Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

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George B. Duff	Australia
D. D. Fitch	British West Indies
Nicasio Zulaica C.	Chile
F. W. Dieterich	China
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Charles Maul	Czecho-Slovakia
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William B. Allison	Guatemala
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Mrs. Marie C. S. Houghton	Madeira
J. A. Forbes	New Zealand
Luther Parker	Philippine Islands
Joaquin Juliá	Spain
Rida Himadi	Syria
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PROGRESS IN THE PHILIPPINES

MRS. EDMONDS, Secretary of the S. P. C. A. of Cebu, writes us of the opening of their Animal Hospital and of the fine service it is already rendering. She says, "As I write, the little office and dispensary are completed and we have out-patients coming. When the stable is finished, it will accommodate ten horses, and there is a large piece of grass land besides. A retired army officer, Mr. Dry, is voluntarily devoting his time to the charge of the Hospital, and Dr. Pond, a veterinarian, cheerfully gives his services free." Any gifts for furthering the work done by this devoted band of workers at Cebu we will gladly forward.

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.



THE LATE EDWIN S. MILLER
Beloved President of Erie County S. P. C. A.
Buffalo, New York

THE BIBLE AND ANIMALS

AN old college friend writes us: The reason the Bible has so little to say with regard to animals' claims upon us for just and kind treatment may be because there was no necessity for it. Perhaps the people were more civilized in those days than they are now.

The Egyptians' estimation of the value of the ox was such as to lead them to offer him divine honors.

The beautiful pastoral contained in the twenty-third Psalm, written by the shepherd king, is evidence of his own love for his sheep.

The picture drawn by Isaiah (40:11) to portray the tender love of the Lord for his people was evidently taken from the intimate relation existing between the shepherd and his sheep: "He will lead his flock like a shepherd, he will gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and will gently lead those that are with young."

Solomon says: (12:10) "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beasts," (or has mercy on his beasts).

This from a resident of the Orient: "The lamb is the children's inseparable companion. It follows them to the pasture . . . and at night the little ones dispute who shall have it for his bed-fellow. It goes to sleep with their arms about its neck."

And last, but not least, the beautiful parable of the lost sheep in the gospel of Luke. It was not the intrinsic value of the sheep (that was very little in those days), but the love for it which induced the shepherd to recover it.

The ancients were nearer to Nature and more intimately associated with the animal world.

BIG FINE FOR CROPPING EARS

FOR cropping the ears of a little fox terrier, a man in Kansas City, Missouri, was arrested and prosecuted by the Humane Society there and fined \$500. As the defendant was unable to pay, he was sentenced to one year at hard labor at the Municipal Farm.

AN APPEAL

Humane Education Trust Fund

SOME of our missionaries in the field and other workers who have given time, strength and often money for the promotion of humane education, being now advancing in years and incapacitated by ill health from doing so much active work should, if they need it, receive assistance from us if it is possible for us to render such assistance. We therefore solicit contributions for a fund which has been started by one of our friends for this purpose. This donation of \$1,000 is a foundation upon which we hope to build a goodly amount, the income from which is either to be loaned or given when and where it will be helpful to those who have served the cause of humane education so faithfully. This fund we shall sacredly hold in trust for such humane workers. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

MRS. HARDY OF THE CHATTANOOGA SOCIETY

THE many friends of Mrs. Richard Hardy, so long the president of the Chattanooga Humane Society, will learn with sincere regret that she has felt obliged because of her health to resign her position. In offering her resignation, Mrs. Hardy says, "Since circumstances have arisen which will necessitate my being away from Chattanooga for indefinite periods of time, and since close and unremitting attention to the needs of the Society for many years has seriously impaired my health, I beg leave to ask you to release me from the presidency and to elect my successor at your earliest convenience." Mrs. Hardy has long been among the most active and efficient workers in the humane cause. The history of the Society she has represented has been largely the history of her own devoted and self-sacrificing labor. She brought to the work not only a gracious and attractive personality, but unusual executive ability, social standing, and refinement. She will be greatly missed at all gatherings of the humane societies of the country should her health make necessary her absence from them. Mr. Herbert Thatcher, a prominent citizen of Chattanooga, has been elected her successor, of whom she says, "He is a humanitarian in the broadest sense, applying humane principles in his business relationships as well as in his social life."

STRICT ORDERS IN SOFIA, BULGARIA

IN order to further prevent cruelty to animals in Sofia, Bulgaria, the prefect of that city has issued an order regulating the size of loads according to the condition of the animals, the vehicle, the roads and the weather; providing for the proper greasing of vehicles and the shoeing of animals; strictly forbidding the use of whips upon any part of an animal except the hind part; and providing for the necessary care and feeding of animals and protection of them from cold and sickness. Those found not conforming with these provisions will be severely dealt with in accordance with the criminal law.

Another order requires that fowl may be carried through the streets only in cages, and small pigs and lambs only in baskets or boxes; restricts the places of sale of such animals to certain appointed places; and forbids the bringing into the city of diseased animals.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

VIRGINIA W. SARGENT

ANOTHER year is dawning.
 Dear Father, may it be
 A year for all Thy creatures
 Of earth and air and sea,
 When man's dominion o'er them
 From cruelty shall cease,
 Shall breathe of love and mercy,
 Of happiness and peace.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

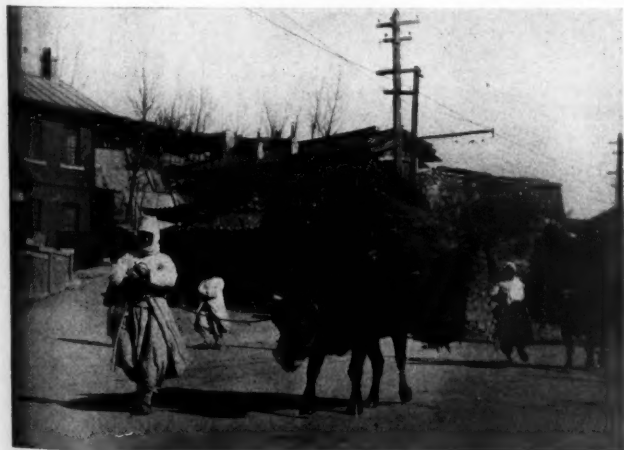
FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

In talking with the Queen I have a single rule.
 I never deny, I never contradict, I sometimes forget.
 DISRAELI

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHOSEN
S. P. C. A.

AT the first annual meeting of the Chosen (Korea) S. P. C. A., held last fall in Seoul, very encouraging reports were presented and a fine address in English was given by Count Soyeshima. The deputy Governor-General and several Japanese and Koreans were among those present. The work of this deserving Society was reviewed in these columns two months ago. Several friends already have responded to the call for financial help, and if others wish to do so they may send contributions in care of *Our Dumb Animals*.



STREET SCENE IN KOREA

WAYS OF THE BABOON

L. E. EUBANKS

BABOONS nearly always travel in large companies, and are governed by a self-imposed discipline that is truly remarkable. There is no doubt that military regulation among animals is at its best in a troop of baboons.

While they are feeding in a dangerous place, they set sentries on every side—big, wise, veteran baboons that sit perfectly quiet and keep a vigilant watch. At a sharp bark of warning from one of these outposts, every ape ceases his occupation. Even the babies hush their cries on the instant. At another bark, all may resume work or play; or the message may mean that the band should move. In the latter case, the leader gives a signal and the baboons retreat into the denser parts of the forest.

When traveling, these creatures have both a front and a rear guard. A half-dozen powerful apes scout well in front of the main body, inspecting the woods carefully and occasionally climbing tall trees to get a better view. A traveler through baboon country seldom sees more than one at a time. The scout bares his teeth in a "grin" at the stranger, barks once, and disappears. At some distance, the traveler may observe the whipping of tree branches, as the rest of the tribe retreat at an incredible pace.

When a man comes upon the rear guard of a baboon party, there is more than one bark. The work of this guard is to let every member of the band know that they are pursued, and he does it with quick, sharp barks. He whips up any straggling youngsters and urges all to hurry.

As far as I know, the baboons are the only animals of any kind that post a sentry at night. Commonly, they sleep in caves among the cliffs, and, when all have retired to rest, you may be sure that one of their number will be wide awake, sitting on some exposed rock or other point of vantage, from which he can see in every direction. Not even the leopard, the baboon's most dreaded foe, dares to attack them at night unless he can first dispose of the sentry. When forced to battle, baboons put up a determined and loyal fight for the "families." Every "man" sticks up for the tribe as long as life lasts.

The baboon's cry resembles a German "Hoch" shouted through a megaphone, and it is possible to talk to them by means of it.

One day a gentleman who has spent a good many years in Africa entered a large kloof (a cleft in the mountains), and soon heard the cry of a baboon sentry. He immediately put his hands up to his mouth and answered him. After a time he saw the tree-tops swaying and soon caught sight of the animal climbing hand-over-hand up the steep side of the kloof. The baboon, having reached a safe position, began to curse him, and in a few seconds the whole kloof resounded with the cries of his hidden comrades.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THE GOLDEN RULE COOK-BOOK, M. R. L. Freshel.

Non-flesh eating men and women there are the world over and the wonder is that there are not more of them. Were cooks and housewives better acquainted with the benefits and attractiveness of the vegetarian dietary and its preparation, it is certain that meat markets would lose patronage and the products of the slaughter-house become less inviting to those who would gladly avail themselves of a more agreeable and healthful regimen.

That there is no need, advantage or propriety in longer applying any name suggestive of "meat substitutes" or "imitations" to vegetarian foods is made plain and gratifying in this book of six hundred recipes of meatless dishes. From its table of contents one may learn almost at a glance that vegetarianism need by no means be a semi-starvation diet. From first to last there is a sufficient and varied list of delectable recipes to appeal both to the dyspeptic and the epicure and so to all intermediate appetites. We cannot but feel that such a compilation of nourishing and appetizing suggestions for the table constitute one of the very best guides to cookery.

323 pp. Fifth edition, \$2. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

HUMANE EDUCATION—A HANDBOOK ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS, THEIR HABITS AND USEFULNESS, Harriet C. Reynolds.

This is an entirely new, revised edition of the book which Mrs. Reynolds put out from Washington several years ago, under the title of "Thoughts on Humane Education." In its new dress, with a new introduction by Dr. Jno. James Tigert, Commissioner of Education, and new illustrations of prominent humane workers, the volume will prove a very valuable help to all workers in the field of humane education, and especially to teachers, leaders of Bands of Mercy, and all who wish ready references to suitable material on a great variety of subjects relating to animal protection.

Mrs. Reynolds, who is a vice-president of the American Humane Education Society, has been interested in this subject from early childhood. For thirty years she has given undivided attention to humane education and has organized humane education committees and societies in many of the leading countries of the northern hemisphere. She has had charge of humane exhibits at ten international expositions and has brought out and circulated thousands of books and leaflets in the languages of the countries which she visited. Surely she is equipped by experience to compile a book well worth while.

Those familiar with the more popular leaflets of the American Humane Education Society and other organizations will find here the best of them brought together in small compass, together with a considerable variety of other selections relating to humane education in general and to the more common domestic animals in particular. A wealth of material is presented which will enable any worker to compile an address for adult or school audiences and be sure that what he says is authentic.

Four animal pictures and twenty portraits of well-known humane workers are included in the book, which is attractively bound in blue cloth with gilt titles. It will make a very welcome present for anybody interested in humane education.

172 pp. For sale by the American Humane Education Society, Boston. \$1, postpaid.

D'YE ken Robbie Burns? That's a man I've read, and read, and read. D'ye ken why I love him as some o' you do your Bible? Because ther's a humanity about him. A weak man hissel', aye, slippin', slippin', slippin', slippin', and trying to haud up, sorrowin', ae minute, sinnin' the next; doin' ill deeds and wishin' 'em undone—just a plain human man, a sinner. "Bob Son of Battle"

Wasteful Cruelty

SMILEY FOWLER

THE United States Department of Agriculture spent much time and money a few years ago in a futile effort to establish red clover in the Philippine Islands until some student of nature struck upon the lucky thought of introducing bumblebees in the fields. And then the clover prospered. The problem was solved. A recent estimate made by experts of the department places the value of bumblebees in the United States at more than \$300,000,000. Once branded a myth, the bee-and-clover business has been given scientific ranking.

When many of us were boys, it was a common Sunday afternoon pastime on the farm to organize bumblebee fighters, often killing or maiming whole colonies of the clover-savers. Practised every Sunday during the summer throughout the neighborhood—and in practically all rural communities the same—the juvenile sport may have cost incalculable sums.

That is the commercial side. The humanitarian side was given much less thought in those days than now. Ignorance and cruelty usually go hand in hand as the history of civilization proves.

The same short-sighted policy prevails with regard to sparrows—the same deplorable ignorance and cruelty. While agricultural and horticultural experts are rating the economic worth of sparrows in the hundreds of millions, some myopic seers are seeking the destruction of these birds. I regret that some

persons who are identified with Audubon societies are guilty of such unwise and merciless destruction. No cruelty seems to them too severe for the species which they condemn. I have in mind one woman who has been engaged for years in catching and placing bands on the legs of birds of all species, rendering reports to a government department—in many cases a rather senseless and unimportant government activity. This woman sets a different kind of trap for sparrows and catches and drowns from one to a dozen every day. In this unwomanly and diabolical way she shows indifference to suffering. In the extremes of weather the birds are often left for many hours in the unsheltered wire cages.

What is said here about the foolish and inhumane destruction of bees and birds may apply as well to scores of other practices, such as the livestock transportation abuses and the expeditions annually fitted out to slaughter wild animals in Africa, India, and elsewhere.

I believe the time will come when society will ostracize the habitually cruel. Despoilers of happiness, those who waste life and inflict suffering, deserve the condemnation of intelligent and fair-minded human beings. I believe the time will come when men and women will be as much ashamed of game-hunting ancestors as we now would be ashamed to trace our line back to Spanish inquisitors. The trend of civilization gives such a hope, although the fulfillment may be long deferred.

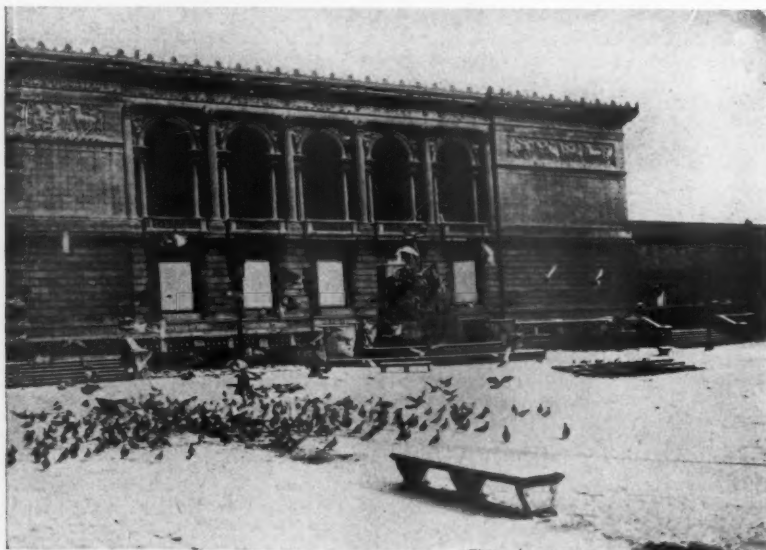
Old World Touch in Modern City

H. H. SLAWSON

CHICAGO bids fair to have an attraction rivaling the famous pigeons of the plaza before famous St. Mark's cathedral in Venice. In the niches among the friezes and the cornice around the noble Art Institute in the mid-western city an innumerable colony of doves have made a home for themselves. Fluttering down and swirling about over the terraces surrounding the noted art gallery, the flapping of their wings adds an odd note

to the purling of the foaming water which courses over Lorado Taft's statue of the Great Lakes.

Street vendors have found the doves a source of revenue and they are always at hand to supply the grain with which passers-by feed the ever-hungry birds. Often the older doves will alight on the wrist or shoulder of some benefactor and fearlessly enjoy the treat offered from the hand.



DOVES ON THE TERRACES AROUND THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE

A SANCTUARY FOR WILD LIFE

RHEA KIMBERLEY JOHNSON

WHENEVER I pick up a newspaper and see a picture of some human being standing with a string of dead, wild birds or animals in both hands, and more piled high about his feet, and a proud and conquering smile on his face, I think of my own tract of land which my husband and I have made a wild life sanctuary. I rejoice that every beautiful and natural thing, from the wild flowers which are rapidly becoming extinct in parts of our country to the furred and feathered creatures, are comparatively safe there.

My mind goes back some years to a time when we lived on Staten Island. We owned only a small piece of land around our house, but there were fields and woods near us and a dense thicket behind the house which belonged to another man. One day I saw six men, with shot guns, and three dogs chase one small rabbit into this thicket. There was much noise of shouting, barking and shooting. Then the six strong men and the three dogs emerged, the men laughing and triumphant. One man was holding up the mangled and bloody carcass of the one little rabbit.

"So this is called sport?" I thought. My heart was heavy. Then and there I made a vow that if I ever became fortunate enough to own a tract of land big enough to give shelter to the wild creatures of the woods and fields they would find sanctuary there.

A few years ago my dream came true, and I am happy to say that there is one spot of nearly two hundred acres in New York State where birds, rabbits and deer are (in so far as it is in our power to make them) unmolested.

The land is posted, in accordance with the law, with "No Hunting" signs. We have also been able to interest our neighbors in conservation to such an extent that many of them have posted their land. There is an area of at least eight hundred acres in the neighborhood now posted with no hunting signs.

In consequence of this, the wild life in the last six years, since we have been in that vicinity, has increased remarkably. This in spite of the fact that lawless hunters do get in sometimes and have not only been known to shoot wild creatures, but even some of us humans. I myself was one of five persons in our neighborhood who was nearly shot by trespassing hunters. The sixth, a lady, was shot and has been in the hospital several times because of the wound she received in the abdomen.

In summer we put up many bird-houses and shelves for nesting purposes, and give the birds all the protection possible during the mating season. It is a veritable paradise in summer out there for all the woodland creatures.

In winter there are fields of standing hay, and plenty of moss and many frozen apples which the deer can get by pawing the snow aside. No doubt the bunnies, too, find some of these good things. There are many hickory trees and hazel bushes and sweet acorns. The squirrels have an abundance of their favorite foods to lay in store for winter use.

The birds are our special care. We tie suit to limbs of trees and place grain and cracked nut meats on shelves in safe places for them. I have often placed grain up in the woods in spots that I knew were frequented by partridges. Later, when I returned, I found that the snow was covered with an intricate pattern of lace work where their little feet had run.

The lust to kill I cannot understand. When the wild creatures show confidence in me, I feel proud and happy. One of the most thrilling moments of my life was when a chickadee alighted on my hand and ate from it. I can now understand what Thoreau experienced when he said that the first time a wild bird alighted on his shoulder he felt prouder than if he had worn epaulets.

THE CAPTIVE

FRANCES PENDER CARVER

GOD gave me notes of clearest song,
The hills and valleys rang,
The wild woods echoed all day long,
God made me thus, and so I sang.

God gave me wings of lofty flight,
No barrier I knew,
The depths were mine, the dizzy height,
God made me thus, and so I flew.

God gave me notes of clearest song,
I sing, but ah, I sigh,
God gave me wings of lofty flight,
I would, but oh! I cannot fly!

CONCRETE BIRD-HOMES IN CHIMNEYS

FELIX J. KOCH

IN Linwood, a suburb of Cincinnati, the masons building chimneys to one's residence deliberately incorporate into those chimneys unique, picturesque, and serviceable bird-houses. Each house is designed to attract some one especial kind of bird.

The huge, tapering rock-chimneys are at the very center of the side of each house and are built out of native boulders, chipped rather rudely to blocks. The blocks are then concreted together with thick enough masses of cement to show throughout.

Where the chimney passes the eaves of the roof and rises above the open windows, the bird-home is built, usually in the form of a pent-house or dove-cote. Inside, there will be ledges for the birds to roost upon. At the bottom a slab of cement is so set that it may be drawn out once a year by the house-owner to remove debris. Nest-cups rest above this bottom.



BIRD-HOUSE OF CEMENT IN CHIMNEY

THE RED-BELLIED WOODPECKER

ALVIN M. PETERSON

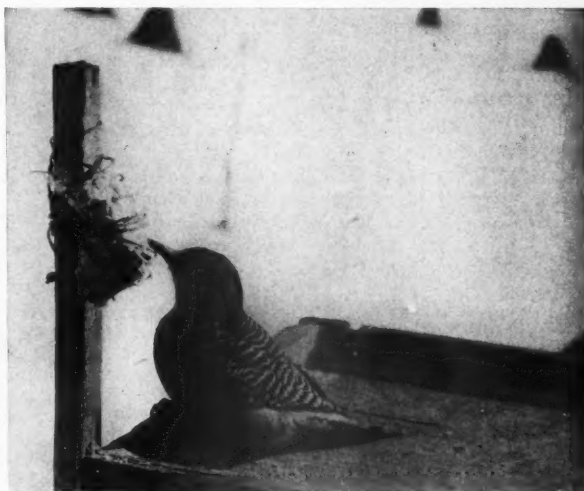
Photograph by the Author

OUR five commonest woodpeckers are no doubt the red-headed, downy and hairy woodpeckers, the flicker, and the yellow-bellied sapsucker. But we have another feathered carpenter about as large as the red-headed woodpecker and the robin, the red-bellied woodpecker, that is quite often to be seen and heard. The first of these birds I ever remember seeing was one I found in the edge of a field, dead, on the ground near some trees. I at first thought it a flicker because of its barred feathers, but soon saw it was not. Later, I often met this bird about the neighboring bluffs. But it was shy and I generally had a hard time seeing much of it, save a glimpse I caught of it as it flew from tree to tree, or hopped up the trunks and branches of trees, where, likely as not, it was hidden from view much of the time. But I heard more of it, for this woodpecker is on the whole rather noisy.

Its most common note is a rather harsh "cha" repeated off and on at irregular intervals. But this woodpecker, like the downy and hairy, has a rolling series of notes, the syllable "cha" repeated over and over in a long series. This rolling series of notes also has a slight resemblance to the "cut, cut, cut, cut" or "cuh, cuh, cuh, cuh" series of the flicker.

A year ago I began seeing more of the red-bellied woodpeckers, when one took possession of the oak grove. Occasionally, I caught a glimpse of the bird, but more often I heard it. As the weeks wore on, I saw more of our bird neighbor, for he had come to spend the winter with us. In doing this I rather suspect he upset the general rule that birds go southward for the winter. I am quite sure he had come from a more southern latitude. Prof. F. E. L. Beal wrote as follows in regard to the red-bellied woodpecker: "The red-bellied woodpecker ranges over the eastern United States, as far west as central Texas and eastern Colorado, and as far north as New York, southern Ontario, Michigan, and southern Minnesota. It breeds throughout this range and appears to be irregularly migratory. It appears to go north of its breeding range sometimes to spend the winter." My red-bellied woodpecker proved the truth of that last statement. He did not let the first snow-storm nor the first zero weather drive him off. On he stayed. As usual, last winter I fixed up a food tray for the birds near the east living room window. This had a suet stick at one corner. Our first visitors were the blue jays and nuthatches. Later came the downy and hairy woodpeckers, the junco, tree sparrow, and chickadee, and finally, the red-bellied woodpecker paid us a rather secret visit now and then, feasting on suet. From then on, he was a regular caller the rest of the winter. But in spite of his shy disposition, I was fortunate enough to secure two good pictures of him, before the winter was over.

The red-bellied woodpecker not only resembles the flicker in having barred feathers, but in having a white patch low down on the back. But it is three inches shorter than the flicker and lacks the brownish tone coloration of the latter. The male has a red patch on the crown which runs back on the neck to the shoulders. The female differs in having red



"THE RED-BELLIED WOODPECKER WAS A REGULAR CALLER AT OUR BIRD FOOD TRAY"

on the forehead and a gray crown, though the back of her neck is red.

A little over thirty per cent of this woodpecker's food supply consists of animal matter and the rest of vegetable matter, according to the Department of Agriculture at Washington. It eats many ants and harmful beetles, and some weevils, grasshoppers, crickets, caterpillars, and spiders. Fruits constitute about twenty-seven per cent of its food supply. It sometimes damages oranges in Florida, but on the whole the fruit taken is wild. Mast, in the form of acorns, beechnuts, and hazelnuts, makes up about thirty per cent of its food.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eight hundred and forty new Bands of Mercy were reported in November. Of these, 280 were in schools of Massachusetts; 139 in schools of Rhode Island; 102 in schools of Texas; 95 in schools of Georgia; 65 in schools of South Carolina; 45 in schools of Maine; 37 in schools of Virginia; 25 in schools of North Carolina; 13 in schools of Pennsylvania; 11 in schools of Porto Rico; eight in Canada; seven in schools of North Dakota; five in schools of Tennessee; four in schools of Florida; and one each in schools of Illinois, Minnesota, California and Syria.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 158,470

THE DOG WHO CARRIED THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA

E. M. SLAUGHTER

DURING the recent terrible fires in the canyons west of Santa Ana and Orange, in Orange County, California, a little dog became the hero of the firing lines. His owner, a lookout on the lonely top of Santiago Peak, had spent idle hours training the dog to carry messages. During the height of the nine-day fire the faithful little animal carried valuable messages to the fire fighters who battled the flames in almost inaccessible canyons. Time and again the dog's long hair was almost scorched from his body. When District Ranger Bill Freer saw the dog faithful to his duty, even though badly burned in spots, he ordered a specially constructed asbestos coat made for the animal. During the remainder of the fire fighting the dog ran in and out through the long lines of flames practically unscathed, and not once during the nine-day siege did he fail to deliver his messages.

CHICKADEE

E. MERRILL ROOT

CAPPED with pert and glossy black,
Lavender upon his back,
Hear him call his "Chickadee"
As he spirals down a tree!

Smaller than a dohelia-tuft,
Just an inch of feathers stuffed
Full of berries, seeds, and sweet
Bark-lodged grubs for dainty meat!

Head-down, hung by ten thin toes,
Nonchalant and chic he goes . . .
Black-eyed, spendthrift, flirt-tailed, free—
Wild and lucky chickadee!

MRS. WOOD PRESENTS MEDAL TO PHILIPPINE BOY ARTIST

AMONG the humane poster designs sent from the Philippines to the American Humane Education Society was one in oils made by Ambrocio Valentin, age 16, in the seventh grade of the Tondo intermediate school. It is called "Quiet Polly pitied the little puppy," and represents a young girl who has just ministered to the needs of an injured puppy, while a parrot looks down from an overhanging branch. This was so well executed that the Society sent a humane medal to young Valentin. A letter from Mrs. Marie von Piontkowski, president of the Philippine S. P. C. A., tells of the great pomp and ceremony at the presentation of this medal in the school. The crowd was so great that the traffic police had to open a passage for the distinguished guests. After a program by the children, Mrs. von Piontkowski made a pleasing address and introduced Mrs. Leonard Wood, honorary president of the Society, who made the presentation to Master Valentin. The boy was delighted and responded with a fine speech of thanks.

MISS GIBSON'S WORK IN HAMILTON

AT a tea when three hundred teachers of Hamilton, Ontario, were entertained by the Women's Committee of the Humane Society, Miss Eugenia E. E. Gibson was lauded as a pioneer in the work of humane education in Canada. The Junior Humane Society, under her able direction, has entered its third year. Last season the membership of 11,000 represented thirty-six city schools. Miss Gibson expects a large increase in membership by reaching several more schools this year.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

From The Evening Mail, Halifax, N. S.

THE proposal of the S. P. C. to organize Bands of Mercy throughout the Province is one worthy of sincere and active support. These Bands of Mercy, it is intended, shall become "an educative force to develop and foster the spirit of kindness and gentleness from year to year and generation to generation." But, the people of Nova Scotia are reminded, "there must be workers before this can be accomplished."

On Saturday the press of Halifax published a goodly list of workers in this noble cause. Today more than twenty speakers, clergy and lay, of all denominations, are addressing the school children of the city and its environs on the necessity for humane education. These men are the pioneers. They ask for co-operation in the crusade.

It is sinful to say that it is impossible to educate the human heart into ways of kindness and gentleness. Children in the great majority are not deliberately unkind—just thoughtless. Education and environment mean a very great deal.

We can think of no more worthy cause than this. It is deserving of whole-hearted, Province-wide support.

NEW HUMANE MONTHLY

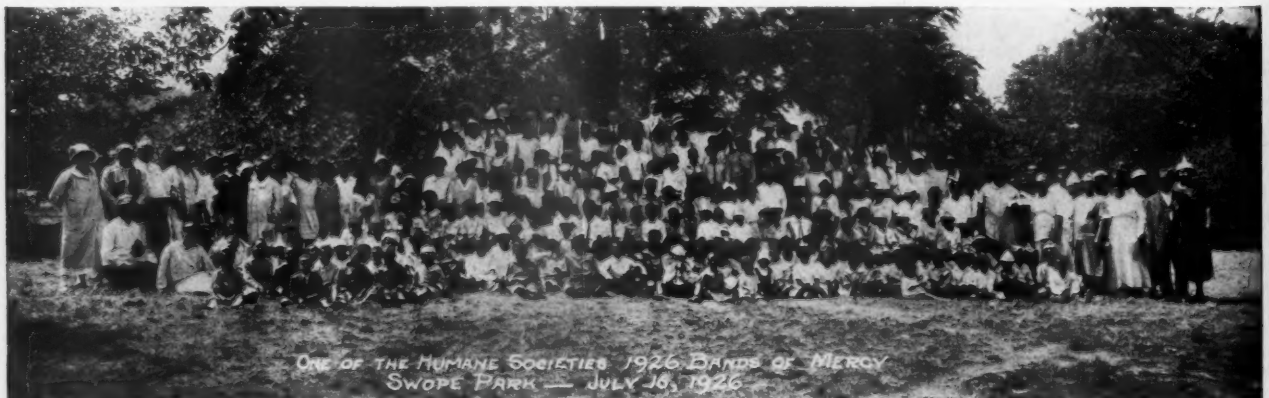
WE welcome the *Junior S. P. C. A. Band of Mercy*, published monthly by the S. P. C. A. of Montreal, which made its bow with the issue for November, 1926. Its four pages, of two columns each, contain a variety of interesting and informative articles, many of them with an appeal to adults as well as to children. Congratulations to the Canadian Society for thus emphasizing the humane education department of its work!

NEW LEAFLET ON BIRDS

A NEW, eight-page leaflet, entitled "The Trial of the Birds," by Bernice M. Cartwright, has been published by the American Humane Education Society, Boston. The "Trial" is so presented that it may be easily arranged as a play, the various characters to be represented by appropriate costumes. The leaflet is sold in any quantity at one cent per copy, but a sample will be sent free upon request.

NOT righteousness by means of government, but government by means of righteousness.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON



ONE OF THE HUMANE SOCIETIES 1926 BANDS OF MERCY
SWOPE PARK — JULY 30, 1926

COLORED BAND OF MERCY ORGANIZED BY HUMANE SOCIETY, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A PET FAWN

MRS. C. W. TURNING

IT was late one June afternoon when Mr. W. L. Frain, who has a big ranch in the Klamath River Canyon in Oregon, noticed a baby fawn following along after the cows. The fawn had evidently lost her mother, perhaps she had been shot, and the little thing, not more than two weeks old, was almost starved.

Mr. Frain, a kindly man, picked up the baby deer and carried her home. The people at the ranch fed the fawn from a



MR. FRAIN, HALLECK AND "FAWNIE"

bottle, taking a great deal of pains with the forlorn little thing, though they hardly expected to raise her.

They did succeed and she soon learned to come when they called "Fawnie." A little later they put a turkey bell on her so they might locate her. She has never been confined, having the freedom of the ranch and the surrounding country. She is very playful, cavorting about like a lamb, and great at making friends.

If she hears the gate open, there she is in a second, ready to accompany whoever is going out. For several miles she will follow like a faithful dog. On her own initiative she often visits the neighboring ranches. If no one is at home and the door is open, in Fawnie goes, incidentally eating whatever takes her fancy.

For a playmate Fawnie has Halleck Donelson, the grandson of her benefactor, and they have great times together.

Across from the ranch house is a garden and, if any of the family are working there and Fawnie sees them, she swims across to be near her friends. There is a bridge close by, but the fawn prefers swimming back and forth.

Fawnie takes part in many of the activities of the ranch. When they thresh beans, she does her part by eating all she can get. When a car is being packed with apples, into the car she goes to help herself.

Sometimes she goes off to the hills, but night brings her back home again. The two Airedales on the place were taught not to touch her when she first came, and now, in return for their

consideration, she defends herself when not necessary in a way that they find hard to endure. Those dainty hoofs can do fast work when their owner is so inclined.

Her love of human companionship is perhaps her strongest trait. Whether that will stand the test when a call comes to join her own kind that roam the adjacent hills, only time can tell. Meanwhile she is a lovable, delightful pet, secure in her own special place, where she has the freedom of her home and of the adjoining ranches, with the river and the hills for a playground.

IN WINTER

PEARL C. REDMAN

WINTER snows are falling,
Dry weeds are covered deep,
Hungry birds are calling,
Cheep! cheep! cheep!

Children gaily playing,
Laugh out in happy glee,
Such fun to go a sleighing,
Whee! whee! whee!

Birdies sadly chirping,
All huddled in the sleet,
Children, give us something
To eat, eat, eat!

Soon some crumbs they're placing
Upon the garden seat,
Happy birds are feeding—
Tweet! tweet! tweet!

"BARNEY," BLUE-BACKED AND FORK-TAILED

DID you ever see a barn swallow on the ground where the sun could strike him? Never was there a blue like the back of a barn swallow. The old Persians with their vegetable dyes or the Prussians with their anilines could never approach it, while the sheen of an old Chinese silk rug is dull compared with what "barney" carries on his back. Add to all this the richest chestnut throat and the prettiest buff breast and you have the coloration of the barn swallow.

The barn swallow is an old friend to every one who has lived in the country. He's the forked-tail fellow after whom the well known "swallow tailed coats" were named and who loves to skim over the meadows and ponds with the speed of an arrow, twittering his happiness. Every country boy has found barn swallow nests up on the rafters in the hay-mow—little bowls of hardened mud cemented together by the birds' saliva and lined with feathers. Maybe some of these boys have also noticed that "barney" has the opening of his nest on the top, while the cliff or eave swallow puts his on the side.

Barn swallows, or all swallows for that matter, are what most legislators claim to be: the true friend of the farmer. They kill thousands of insects that destroy crops, besides they help keep the barns cleared of flies that worry stock. As ornaments alone they more than pay for their keep.

—Birds and Nature

Whatever resolutions you make for the New Year, remember that you are a friend of animals.

Poster Contest of Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for 1927



SAMPLES OF POSTERS MADE LAST YEAR IN MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOLS

THE Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will conduct a Humane Poster Contest for 1927, open to pupils of High and Grammar grades in all the public and parochial schools in Massachusetts.

Handsome medals, especially designed for the purpose, will be distributed liberally. Honorable Mentions, to be awarded by one year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* (value, \$1.00), will be given in every school entering at least three posters. The results will be announced on April 20, 1927.

All pupils above the third grade in Grammar schools and all pupils in Junior High and High schools are eligible to compete.

Posters should bring out the idea of kindness, and may or may not contain the words "Be Kind to Animals," or may or may not give the dates of Be Kind to Animals Week, April 4-9, or of Humane Sunday, April 3. Brief sentences or mottoes may also be used, but each poster should tell its own story in the picture.

Drawings may be pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original cut-outs, not magazine covers, etc.) or silhouette, water-color or charcoal. The use of colors is strongly recommended.

Drawings must be on cardboard or heavy paper, not less than 12 x 18 inches nor more than 18 x 24 inches, and shipped flat, to reach the offices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. not later than Friday, April 8, 1927, and preferably earlier.

We request that teachers submit only the

best work of each school, limiting the number to five from each room.

Posters entered in the contest become the property of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., but where special arrangements are made, those not winning prizes may be returned to the schools.

The name of the contestant, name and address of the school, and the number of the grade, with the name of the teacher, must be plainly written in the upper right corner on the back of each poster. The full home address of the pupil should be given, also.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of *Our Dumb Animals*, published monthly, at Norwood, Mass., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Publishers—The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Norwood, Mass.

Editor—Guy Richardson, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.

Managing Editor—Francis H. Rowley, President, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.

Business Managers—Officers of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Charitable Corporation). All funds and property controlled by Board of Directors. Francis H. Rowley, President; Guy Richardson, Secretary; Frederick M. Stearns, Treasurer.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities.

None.

Guy Richardson, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this eleventh day of November, 1926.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public
(My commission expires Jan. 30, 1931.)

Seal]

Supervisors of drawing who send in a number of posters from each school, or room, are requested to send a list of the posters submitted, with the name of school, room and grade, plainly marked.

The prize-winning posters will be on exhibition at the Fine Arts Department, Boston Public Library, April 18-24, 1927.

Address the posters to the Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. No posters will be received after Friday, April 8, 1927.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office within the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$3 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, additional to his own, sent for one year to any person whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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